

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L VI.

F O R J U N E.



THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

CONTAINING
A COLLECTION
Of scarce and valuable
PIECES OF POETRY:

With Variety of
ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS,
BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

Written and Selected
By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

L O N D O N:
Printed by DRYDEN LEACH;
For J. COOTE, at the King's Arms, in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLXIII.

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A COLLECTION

OF POEMS AND VERSES



THE POETS OF

ANTIENT AND MODERN

THE MOST EMINENT

WRITERS

BY FRANCIS TAYLER

AND WILLIAM WOOTTON

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

LONDON

PRINTED BY HENRY LEECH

AT THE SIGN OF THE KEY, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

MDCCLXXII

T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R .

J U N E . A N O D E .

H Ark! 'tis the woodlark's note, he feels the sun,
And in full glee his mattins has begun,
With him the linnet and the blackbird vie,
Who sweetest shall salute the summer sky;
From bush to bush the jealousy, like fire,
Seems to enflame the universal choir,
Joint is the chorus, sweet the serenade,
Sweet vocal needs no instrumental aid.

Now swell the udders of the milky kine,
Now swells the green grape on the tender vine;
Like ripen'd strawberries of red and white
The germinating blossoms charm the sight;
Blended as in the rain-bow, various hues
Of flowers uncounted drink the morning dews;
Acanthus, hyacinth, and crocus meet
To make young June rich sandals for her feet;

With backward pace a sea-crab leads the way,
 As if it fled the fond pursuit of May;
 But May is gone, and leaves to buxom June
 What she had rear'd, with nicer care to prune;
 With animating heat to warm the seed,
 And of each plant the tender roots to feed.
 'Thus month to month successive recommends
 The growth of Nature to promote her ends;

Gives to each other's hands the forming care,
 First January binds with nipping air,
 Next February lays the earth in snows,
 And March restrains them as his tempest blows—
 With milder aspect April sends his shower,
 And May's warm sun awakes herb, tree and flower,
 'Till warmer suns, with brighter June combine
 To aid young Nature in her great design.

ODE

O D E T O S U M M E R.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF CAMBRIDGE.

HAil, gentle Summer to this isle !
 Where Nature's fairest beauties smile,
 And breathe in every plain ;
 'Tis thine to bid each flower display,
 And open to the eye of day
 The glories of its reign.

While yon few sheep enjoy the breeze,
 That softly dies upon the trees,
 And rest beneath the shade ;
 This pipe, which Damon gave, shall raise
 Its rural notes to sing thy praise,
 And ask the Muse's aid.

Diana's ear shall catch the sound,
 And all the Nymphs that sport around
 The vale, or upland lawn ;
 The Nymphs, that o'er the mountain's brow,
 Pursue the lightly-bounding roe,
 Or chase the flying fawn.

Even now, perchance, some cool retreat
 Defends the lovely train from heat,

And Phœbus' noontide beam ;
Perchance, they twine the flowery crown
On beds of roses, soft as down,
Beside the winding stream.

Delightful season ! every mead
With thy fair robe of plenty spread,
To thee that plenty owes ;
The laughing fields with joy declare,
And whisper all in reason's ear,
From whence that plenty flows.

Happy the man, whose vessel glides,
Safe and unhurt by Passion's tides,
Nor courts the gusts of praise !
He sails with even, steady pace,
While Virtue's full-blown beauties grace
The Summer of his days.

SUMMER. A RURAL SONG.

BY MR. BREREWOOD.

WHere the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall
 With my fair one as blooming as May, [trees,
 Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines
 On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 For 'tis she that must still be my theme,
 Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to lowe, and the lambkins to
 When she sings me some amorous strain; [bleat,
 All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words, and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us
 Just direct us, and chequer our way. [light,

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH A FINE CARNATION.

TO thee, my Fair, this beauteous flower I send,
 Admit it as a moralizing friend:
 "In charms and sweetness you may me excell,
 "Yet deign to listen while this truth I tell;
 "I am your emblem, drive vain pride away,
 "Both you and I soon blossom, soon decay."

CON-

CONTEMPLATION. AN ODE.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HOR.

Contemplation, lovely fair,
 Far from scenes of noise and care,
 Evermore delights to dwell
 In the still sequester'd cell :
 Lead me then, propitious power,
 To thy lonely, rural bower ;
 To the silent, shady wood,
 To the rivulet's dimpling flood :
 And, on summer mornings, lead
 To the ruffet heath or mead :
 To the cot's plain simple door,
 The ploughman's peaceful, happy floor :
 Where Phyllis brings her loaded pail,
 And young affection lifts its tale ;
 Lead to dusky lanes or shades,
 Where tall oaks lift high their heads :
 To the seat of happiness,
 To the garden's lov'd recess ;
 Beds with pinks and roses gay,
 The pride and boast of June and May,
 Contemplation, nymph serene,
 Guide to lawns, or uplands green,

Or near the promontory's side—
 Let me hear the roaring tide,
 Hear old Ocean's wild waves roll ;—
 Or the sad knell slowly toll,
 Or, at gloomy hour of day,
 With me to the church-yard stray,
 And meditate among the dead ;
 While the sexton plies his spade,
 There peruse the time-worn stones,
 Or, as he turns up human bones,
 Think on what I soon must be,
 Think on vast eternity :
 'Till torches dissipate the gloom,
 And the sable mourners come ;
 'Till the venerable priest,
 In his snowy surplice dress'd,
 Loudly begins the solemn lines,
 And " dust to dust," at length consigns.

Hail ! matron lovely, tho' demure,
 Ever chaste and ever pure,
 Diffuse thy balm into my breast,
 Bring with thee happiness and rest :
 Sooth each melancholy sigh,
 Teach me to live, and teach to die !

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE AT —

Stranger! here prolong thy stay,
 And the rural scene survey:
 Blossoms beautify the trees,
 Soft and pleasing is the breeze;
 Tho' the polyanthus dies,
 Fairer flowers begin to rise.
 Roses rear their crimson heads,
 Tulips decorate yon beds;
 Linnets chaunt sweet minstrelsy;
 See how active is the bee!
 Lo, she flies from flower to flower,
 And exerts her chymic power.

View yon grotto in the dell,
 And admire each polish'd shell:
 Then, with rapture, turn thine eye
 To the rill that murmurs by.
 Mark the distant mountain's steep,
 And the snowy flocks of sheep;
 And the cattle grazing there. —
 Stranger! God is every where.
 In each favourite scene I see
 Omnipresent Deity:
 Even the rill and antique rock,
 Lowing herd, and harmless flock;
 Even the Anchorite's abode,
 Evince a wise and powerful God.

O D E O N H E A L T H.

SHE comes—and on each blooming cheek she wears

The blush, which bright Aurora's pencil drew:
Her eye looks life; she breathes ethereal sweets,
And decks her hair with glittering gems of dew.

She comes, and with her Hebe*, ever young,
The sweetest, loveliest children of the skies:
Health, most good-natur'd, makes a longer stay,
But Hebe, charming, cruel Hebe flies.

Oh! while I feel thy sister's genial ray,
Do thou, dear Health! thy benison bestow:
With bounding spirits fill my thirsty soul,
And tinge my cheek with thy celestial glow.

Ah! leave me not, unpitied and forlorn,
But listen to thy sister's tender cry:
For me she pleads—for me she lifts her hand,
Oh! hear her, Goddess—hear her, else I die.

* Goddess of Youth.

Grant me thy smile, and I will shape my course
 To whatsoever spot thy footsteps lead :
 Thro' bleating vallies, and thro' fighting groves,
 Or o'er the mountains tall majestic head.

Or when the sun imprints his virgin kiss,
 Soft on the surface of the trembling wave,
 At thy command I'll plunge into the flood,
 And wake each drowsy Naiad, as I lave.

Lift to my prayer—but if thou art resolv'd
 That all thy benefits to me shall cease :
 Grant me some little notice to prepare
 My long, long journey to the Land of Peace.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sweet are the banks, when Spring perfumes
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers.
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange-grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air;
 Ye lillies chaste! with silver heads
 As my Cleora's bosom fair:
 No more I court your balmy sweets;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

O D E T O E V E N I N G.

THou tranquil daughter of the day!
 On whose fair face autumnal Zephyrs play;
 O'er whose serene unclouded eye
 Sol sheds the mildest lustre of the sky.

Thee, undisturb'd, oh! let me hail,
 And tread the carpet of thy verdant vale;
 Near which, with bonnet wheaten-bound,
 Sits Ceres listening to the sheep-bell's sound;

Or let me woo thee by the stream
 Obliquely gilded by the western beam,
 While flies and gnats unnumber'd throng,
 And faintly murmur no unpleasing song.

Now to enjoy the silent hour
 The lark descends from his aerial tower.

Apollo is reclin'd to rest
 Upon the down of Amphitrite's breast.

The bird, who loves the coming night,
 Hoots querulous, and flaps his wing for flight.

With wheeling plume the bat flies by,
 And mocks th' imperfect motion of the eye.

The buzzing chafer here and there
 Spreads his gauze wing, and spins along the air.

But dark-eyed night (so Heaven ordains)
 Comes nodding on, and blackens all the plains.

The

The pleasing scenes, which Nature drew,
Are clouded o'er, and vanish'd from the view.

The splendid morn, the noon of day,
And all the shades of evening are away ;

But soon the splendid morn, again
Shall radiate all the firmamental plain,

And soon the sun's meridian ray,
Zenith'd on high, shall give us back the day ;
And evening ! thou, with aspect bland,
Shalt pour thy lengthening shadow o'er the land.

Such is thy pictur'd life, oh man !
Which daily dies, and fades as it began.

Thy infant morn shall sink away,
Thy noon of youth, and evening age decay,

Then death shall wrap thee in his urn,
For dust thou wert, and shalt to dust return.

THE LADY AND THE LINNET. A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

*Sumit Myrrha novos, veteres ut ponit amictus,
Mutat amatores miseros, sic mutat amicos.*

FRAGM. INCERT. AVTH.

TO lift the low, the proud depress,
And succour weakness in distress;
A foe forgive, and yet contend
With generous ardour for a friend:
Are virtues, tho' but thinly sown,
Not circumscrib'd to you alone;
Since hourly observation finds
They spring in some inferior minds;
Which, tho' we justly pass our praise on,
Are not the sound effects of reason;
But often flow from whim or fashion,
From pride, or some impurer passion.

But you, whom heaven at first design'd
The boast and envy of your kind;
Above your sex's censure plac'd,
In beauty, breeding, temper, taste;
Who only show regard to merit,
Unconscious what yourself inherit;

While

While other ladies fume and rail
 In indignation at my tale ;
 With each reflection pick a quarrel,
 And find a satire in each moral ;
 May safely every page peruse,
 Nor be offended with the muse ;
 Where not a single line appears,
 Which honour dreads, or virtue fears.

A hungry hawk, in quest of prey,
 Wide o'er the forest wing'd his way ;
 Whence every bird, that haunts the glade,
 Or warbles in the rural shade,
 Dispers'd, in wild disorder flies
 Before the tyrant of the skies.
 A linnet, feebler than the rest,
 With weary wings and panting breast
 Sought Sylvia's window in despair,
 And fluttering crav'd protection there.
 Compassion touch'd the fair one's mind,
 (For female hearts are always kind.)
 Upward the gliding fash she threw,
 And in the little stranger flew ;
 There, in her fragrant bosom prest,
 The nymph revives her drooping guest ;
 Then (danger o'er, and all serene)
 Restores him to his fields again.
 What wondrous joy, what grateful love,
 Inspir'd the wanderer of the grove!

In unexpected life elate,
 When now he recollects his fate!
 And sets the friendly fair in view,
 Who gave him life and freedom too!
 For gratitude, to courts unknown,
 And unreturn'd by man alone,
 Wide thro' the wing'd creation reigns,
 And dwells amidst the humble plains;
 In every verdant field and shade,
 The just, the generous debt is paid.
 Back from the Sylvan bower he hies,
 To thank his dear deliverer flies;
 And, at her window, chaunting stood
 Her praise, with all the zeal he could.
 There Lin his morning visits pays,
 And there he tunes his evening lays;
 There oft the noon-day hour prolongs,
 And pours his little soul in songs.

His heavenly airs attention drew,
 And Sylvia soon the warbler knew;
 Then uses every charm to win,
 And draw the wild musician in;
 He enters, fearless of a snare,
 For how should fraud inhabit there?

And now, by frequent visits free,
 At first he perches on her knee;
 Then, grown by long acquaintance bolder,
 Familiarly ascends her shoulder;

And, wholly now devoid of fear,
 Plays with the pendant in her ear ;
 O'er all her neck and bosom strays,
 And, like a lover, learns to teaze ;
 Pecks on her hand, and fondly sips
 Delicious nectar from her lips.

Thrice happy bird, how wert thou blest'd,
 Of such superior love possess'd !
 Couldst thou but make the tenure sure,
 And those unrivall'd hours endure !
 But love, a light, fantastic thing,
 Like thee, is always on the wing ;
 And sacred friendship oft a jest,
 When center'd in a female breast !

Thus Lin the circling moments past
 In raptures too refin'd to last ;
 When (as his constant court he paid)
 Some envious songsters of the shade
 Observ'd his motions to and fro,
 For merit's ne'er without a foe.
 They mark'd the transports of his eye,
 His sprightly air, and glossy dye ;
 And all agreed to know, ere night,
 What gave the vagrant such delight.

Strait to the beauteous bower they throng,
 Nor for admittance waited long ;
 The nymph, whom every charm attends,
 Receives her new, aerial friends ;

With

With crumbled cake, and fruitage feeds,
 And feasts them on her choicest seeds;
 Did all, that kindness could inspire,
 To bring her coy acquaintance nigh her;
 And Linny now returns, to pay
 The due devotions of the day;
 When to his wondering eyes arose
 A numerous circle of his foes;
 Grief touch'd his soul, to see them there,
 But, with a seeming easy air,
 He took his place among the rest,
 And sat an undistinguish'd guest.

Alas, how soon can time destroy
 The surest pledge of earthly joy?
 A favourite's flattering hopes defeat,
 And tumble tyrants from their state?
 For time, indulgent but to few,
 Deposits kings—and linnets too.

He, who was once the nymph's delight,
 Sits now neglected in her sight;
 In vain to charm her ear he tries,
 New forms engag'd her ears and eyes!
 The goldfinch spreads his gaudy coat,
 And all were ravish'd with his note;
 While none attends to Linny's strain,
 For, ah, poor Linny's plumes were plain.

And now (the mournful warbler flown)
 The nymph and friendly bower their own,

O'er all reserve their spleen prevails,
 And every tongue in concert rails :
 All wonder'd what her eyes could see
 In such a worthless thing as he !
 Who still pursues his private ends,
 Ungrateful to his kindest friends ;
 One instance sure might serve to show him !
 Alas, how little did they know him ?

Some then recounted all the arts
 He us'd, to vanquish little hearts ;
 Affirm'd, he still was making love,
 And kept a miss in every grove ;
 Could trifle with the meanest fowl,
 Nay, offer courtship to an owl !
 Scandal, tho' pointed in the dark,
 Is seldom known to miss its mark ;
 While few will interrupt its aim,
 Regardless of another's fame !
 Even they, by whom we once were lov'd,
 Thro' life for several years approv'd !
 When spleen and envy rail aloud,
 Are often carried with the croud ;
 Preferring, rather than contend,
 To sacrifice their nearest friend.

Thus Sylvia yielded to the birds,
 Too complaisant to doubt their words ;
 Nor thought, that creatures so polite
 Could deal in calumny and spite !

The injur'd Linnet, with their leaves,
 For decency she still receives;
 Who, tho' he sees his foes carest,
 Like some fond lover, hopes the best;
 And doubts his own discerning eyes,
 But, ah, how obvious is disguise?
 At length of hope itself bereft,
 When now no friendly look was left,
 And every mark of fondness fled;
 He hung his wings, and droop'd his head.
 And am I then resign'd, he says,
 'To such ungenerous foes as these?
 By these defrauded of my bliss?
 Is all her kindness come to this?
 Yet ah, my tongue, forbear to blame
 That lov'd, that ever-honour'd name;
 This heart, howe'er misus'd at last,
 Must own unnumber'd favours past;
 And shall, tho' ne'er to meet again,
 The dear remembrance still retain.

He spoke—and to the window flew,
 There sat, and sung his last adieu.

F O U R O D E S,

INTENDED FOR CHORUSES TO A TRAGEDY, AL-
TERED FROM SHAKESPEARE, ON THE DEATH
OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY THE REV. MR. HUDSON.

ODE I. AFTER THE FIRST ACT.

TO LIBERTY.

THE fable queen of shades retires,
Encircled with her fading fires;
Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
With slow wing blackening many a league of sky.
Go, melancholy Goddess, go,
Nurse of despondency and woe.
'Tis time: the cock's shrill clarion calls
The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear,
And bids the phantoms disappear,
That glimmer 'midst yon mouldring walls:
They startle at the sound,
And gliding o'er the trackless ground,
Loth, to their marble mansions haste away.
No more their livid lightnings play:

The

The terrors of aerial tumults cease,
Hush'd to Serenity and smiling Peace.

For, lo! in heaven's ambrosial bowers,
Wak'd by the stationary hours,
Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes,
And vermeil blushes streak the orient skies.

How Nature triumphs at the sight,
Renew'd in all her beauty bright!
Her fragrant groves their incense yield;
The Zephyrs, from her humid stores, diffuse
The sweetness of mellissuous dews;
And Pleasure paints the lillied field.

Here, gilt with splendid rays,
The spires and lofty turrets blaze;
There the canals reflect a pleasing gleam;
While dancing down the pebbly stream
The silver radiance cheers the feather'd throng:
Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their song.

Thus, like the Morn, will fairest Freedom come,
In majesty divine,
With dawning glory to disperse the gloom
Of dire oppression; and illumine the mind
To darkness and dependency confin'd.

Arise, O Liberty! 'tis thine
The charms of nature to refine;

With blooming hope and harmony to please,
 To crown with plenty, and to bless with ease,
 To light up awful Virtue's living ray,
 And pour the flood of intellectual day.

Place me in Afric's desert lands,
 Where Thirst sits gasping on the sands ;
 If there auspicious Freedom fix her seat,
 'Midst burning blasts, I'll hail the rude retreat ;
 Soon shall the wild, more polish'd grown,
 Admire new beauties, not her own :
 Sage Industry shall dig the well
 Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep ;
 While lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
 Stand frequent in the cooling cell :
 Soon shall the mantling vine
 Be taught around the palm to twine ;
 And social arts the stranger Naiads wake,
 That sleep beneath the distant lake,
 Curious to view young Commerce gaily roam,
 And bring full harvests to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid Zone,
 Near Winter's adamant throne,
 Where farthest Ocean foams with icy roar
 Along the bleak, inhospitable shore :
 If Freedom to the smoky dome
 With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam ;

'Thro'

Thro' snowy wastes the dome I'll seek :
 What hinders to enjoy the freezing year !
 For Property will there appear ;
 And cheerful Health, with rosy cheek,
 Pursue the panting prey ;
 Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
 Sit chaunting on the mountain's crystal brow,
 Where hanging torrents shine below ;
 Nor will Cimmerian Sleep forget to bring
 Safe Slumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, Celestial, let thy wish'd return
 This happier clime serene ;
 This happier clime, if Rome thy absence mourn,
 No more with smiles of pleasure entertains,
 Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains :
 Heartless we view the splendid scene
 Of turrets, and the painted green ;
 Heartless the music of the groves we hear,
 As when, new harness'd out by wrath and fear,
 Night's chariot moves in storms ; and thunders hurl'd
 Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.

O. D. E. H.

AFTER THE SECOND ACT.

TO FANCY.

WHere art thou, Fancy, visionary maid?
 Whose lenient artifice and easy aid
 Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,
 And soothe the pensive soul to rest?
 Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd,
 With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind;
 Or by the brook's loquacious channel stray,
 Where the deep dimpled eddies play;
 Haste thee, from the blended glow
 Of beauties in yon lucid bow,
 With fine-spun light, and golden beams,
 Softly weave thy waking dreams:
 Bid the rang'd ideas fly,
 Opening to the ravish'd eye
 A glimpse of bliss, where gay Desire is found
 Sporting with Youth, while Music wakes around.

Behold the variegated prospect rise!
 What gallant harmony! what glad surprize!
 The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains
 Collects the nymyhs and shepherd swains.

Secure

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
 And heifers 'midst the neighbouring pastures feed.
 Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithesome

Have bid adieu to pine and care. [pair

See them hand in hand advance
 Circling in the smooth-pac'd dance;
 Now to numbers quaint they stray,
 Bounding on the mazy way!
 The goldfinch and the linnet nigh
 Join the simple minstrelsy:

The simple notes, and merry gambols fire
 (Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each antient fire.

But, see! where Solitude, of sober mien,
 With Health and Modesty, her charming maids,
 Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen
 To rove beneath the venerable shades!
 O harmless cottages! O happy glades!

Where no misfortunes factions rage deplore,
 No discontent the quiet breast invades:
 How pleasant 'tis from this far-season'd shore
 To hear the tumbling Ocean's wavy roar!
 Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,
 Thy rapt enthusiast, Fancy, wilt thou lead?
 What other scenes of more sincere delight
 The goddess and her guest invite?

She,

She, like the Sybil with the golden bough,
 Descends to search the sacred realms below.
 In amaranthine bowers the blest appear,
 By pearly grot or fountain clear:
 To heroes ghosts, or scepter'd kings,
 The laurell'd bard divinely sings.
 Hark! the animating strains
 Warble thro' th' Elysian plains:
 When the pause admits delay,
 Thus th' immortals seem to say,
 (Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)
 "For ever thus, for ever we rejoice."

What sad transition? means this rising show
 To drive out real pain with fancied woe?
 I see the mourners in the darken'd room,
 The rustic hearse, the letter'd tomb.
 Still, still the wayward, wild ideas take
 The solemn livery of Death, and wake
 Tender-eyed Pity, as the village-train
 The shrouded husbandman sustain.
 What semblances of wretched plight
 'Mid the procession strike the sight?
 Ah! 'tis Grief herself appears,
 Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears;
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Reckless of th' inclement air:

Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,
Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapless images ; away
Delusive Fancy ; with thy subtle heat
No more thy vain machinery display,
Now the dank grave, and now the green retreat :
Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.

Sister of Wisdom she ; of aspect mild :
Who makes the golden mean her certain seat,
And looks on Casualty as Nature's child ;
To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

ODE

O D E III.

AFTER THE THIRD ACT.

ON TRUE GREATNESS.

LET who will climb the towery steep
 Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
 Where, on the bosom of the deep
 Below, the pitchy pinnace rides :
 A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
 Waves ghastly ; and a sable crew
 Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
 Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate,
 Mine be the low and level way,
 Amid the quiet vale to stray,
 Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely asphodel.

There sits the calm, the rural sage,
 With Nature's volume fair in view ;
 And meditates the shining page
 Replete with wonders ever new :
 While wisdom points, on either hand,
 Where plants, and herbs, and flowrets stand

In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
 In furzy moors, or musky-smelling meads.
 Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
 To him explains each moral scene :
 Oft, in the downward skies, a train
 Of tinsel insects he surveys,
 Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
 Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
 The spirited and youthful lark,
 Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
 Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air ;
 Late the low tenant of the rushy nest
 Now sings unrival'd in his radiant sphere.
 The pondering hermit then sees Merit roam,
 Above the nurslings of the courtly dome, [home.
 On Glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble

First of the families of fame
 That Rome's imperial city grace,
 From rural huts and hamlets came
 The Fabian and Fabrician race ;
 With that firm Judge that could condemn
 And banish the proud diadem.
 To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
 Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column twine ;
 Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
 And stands the icy touch of Death.

The leafless stock, that Fortune dooms
 To wither, with returning Spring
 (While the glad flocks of Freedom sing) [blooms.
 Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour

Hark ! hark ! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,
 Join'd with his fair, heroic bride ;
 To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer
 Along the favourable tide ;
 To her and Safety there to place
 The tablet, vow'd to human race :
 Blow, every kind and gentle gale
 Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.
 High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
 Of white and amber clouds combin'd,
 Rome's genius lifts his august head ;
 Now slow descending nearer draws,
 Hail'd with the popular applause,
 And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go, the triumphal ornaments display ;
 Ye sacred Salii lead the way :
 Next led the order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march, a numerous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd ;
 As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd :
 A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround. [sound.
 A thousand tongues acclaim ; the clanging cymbals

O D E IV.

AFTER THE FOURTH ACT.

TO CONCORD.

Soul of the world, first Mover, say,
 From thee what glorious being came,
 Powerful to raise this universal frame?

Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
 Gave Beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
 And cloath'd with ambient Day the crystal skies?

'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
 With sevenfold adamant chains
 The path of wandering orbs restrains,
 Kindles the genial fire of love,

And walks the courts of genuine light,
 (While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight).
 Where Bliss has banish'd Chance, and sore Annoy,
 And Goodness fills the cup of general Joy.

Nor is she to the Heavens confin'd;

Forth, on the Morning's wings she rides,
 She skims the glowing Evening's purple tides,
 And leaves the setting Sun behind.

Where doves sit cooing at the noontide hour,
 And linnets warble in the woodbine bower;

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Where

Where the pale moon her lustre spreads,
 The love-lorn bird divides her song,
 'The soft flute soothes the rural throng,
 And dew-drops load the flowrets' heads ;
 Where the ingenuous Chorus sings,
 The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,
 From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds ; [sounds
 Thine, Goddess, are the charms, and thine the silve

The buxom air, the saphire main,
 All height and depth confess thy gracious reign ;
 But chief is thy delight to dwell
 Lodg'd in the human breast, thy dearest cell.
 Favour and friendship meet thee there,
 And tender Transport with the gushing tear :
 There Wedlock at thy altar bends,
 There halcyon Peace securely broods,
 And meek Tranquillity attends
 To quell unruly Rage, and sooth the swelling floods.

Now by the magic of thy tongue,
 That call'd up first the rolling spheres,
 Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
 With rapturous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run :
 And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone,

Which

Which when the fair Idalian queen
 Accepts, with universal sway,
 The Smiles and winning Passions play
 In her resistless look and mien ;
 The Loves thy heavenly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire ;
 Fresh wreaths the Graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising daisies mark the measur'd ground.

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
 Of which when youthful Spring awakes,
 From thy abundance amply she partakes,
 What time the silk-plum'd Zephyrs meet
 In Saba's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
 With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes :
 And by the ripened, redolent grace,
 When Summer in the Persian fields
 To sober-seeming Autumn yields
 Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
 The sky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
 The velvet peach, and damask nectarine ;
 While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
 Gladdens Pomona with the golden show.

Great Goddess ! with the words of Peace
 Bid this wild Uproar of Contention cease ;

Bid Amity, with gentle ray,
 'The woes that lowr on Faction's brow display.
 Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove?
 For hellish Hate abandon heavenly Love?
 Here, gentle Concord, on each breast
 Let thy spring-sweetness bland distill,
 Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest,
 And all mankind obey thy sovereign will.

MEL-

MELPOMENE. AN ODE.

Queen of the human heart ! at whose command
 The swelling tides of mighty Passion rise,
 Melpomene, support my venturous hand,
 And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise.
 From the gay scenes of pride
 Do thou his footsteps guide
 To Nature's awful courts, where nurst of yore,
 Young Shakespear, Fancy's child, was taught his
 various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
 To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm :
 So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
 Bid Terror shake us, or Compassion warm,
 As different strains controul
 The movements of the soul,
 Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone,
 To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
 Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play ;
 Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
 And Damon's muse, that breathes her melting lay,
 This ardent prayer was made.
 When lo ! the secret shade,

As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul
forsook.

Ah! whither Goddess! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic shore?
These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before?
Darkness inwraps me round,
While from the vast profound
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choak:
His eager steps, nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, Goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation? as grim Death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd:
Ah see! besmear'd with gore,
Revenge stands threatening o'er

A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to Despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fixt on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth :
While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels ;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate, assail ;
Alternate they prevail :
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace :
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks :
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled ;

And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes — [sighs
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled

Yet, yet again! — a Murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step — as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

And hark! ah Mercy! whence that hollow sound!
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid Ghost slow-rising steals on air,
To where a mangled corse,
Expos'd without remorse,
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way —
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

“ Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shower
“ Of daily gifts the traitor I carest'd?
“ For this array'd him in the robe of power,
“ And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
“ O kindness ill repay'd!
“ To bare the murdering blade

“ Against

“Against my life! — may Heaven his guilt explore,
 “And to my suffering race their splendid rights re-
 “store.”

He said, and stalk'd away. — Ah Goddess! cease,
 Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
 These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
 And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain;
 Then change thy magic wand,
 Thy dreadful troops disband,
 And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
 To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard — With hideous sound
 Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
 A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound,
 The train of terror vanishes from view.
 More mild enchantments rise;
 New scenes salute my eyes, [plain,
 Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the
 And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
 And every solemn temple teems with life;
 Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
 There with the deeper woes of human strife.
 In groups around the lawn,
 By fresh disasters drawn,

The

The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe, [flow.
And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lilly charg'd with rain ;
With floods of tears she bathes a Lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.

Her bosom heaves with sighs,
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of Friendship ? yet, alas !
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One from his friend receives the fatal wound !
What could such fury move !
What but ill-fated love !

The same fair object each fond heart enthralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love ?
Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her complaints remove ?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence ;

And

And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art;
Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's
heart.

Ah ! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire ?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown.
That form, so graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of Want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo ! the pensive Queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight ;
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
The Power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear ;
And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear.

“ Aspiring son of art,
“ Know, tho' thy feeling heart

“ Glow

“ Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shewn,
 “ Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils
 “ disown.

“ A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
 “ May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;
 “ A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
 “ As from my dreary realms of darkness rose,
 “ Whence Shakespear’s chilling fears,
 “ And Otway’s melting tears—
 “ That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
 “ The types of every theme that suits the tragic
 “ strain.

“ But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
 “ And all due honour to her precepts pay?
 “ Canst thou the lure of Affectation scorn,
 “ Pleas’d in the simpler path of Truth to stray?
 “ Hast thou the Graces fair
 “ Invok’d with ardent prayer?
 “ They must attire, as Nature must impart,
 “ The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.
 “ Then, if assenting Genius pour his ray,
 “ Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
 “ Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
 “ And the deep source of Passion stand confess;

“ Then

“ Then may the listening train,
 “ Affected, feel thy strain ;
 “ Feel Grief or Terror, Rage or Pity move :
 “ Change with thy varying scenes, and every scene
 “ approve.”

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
 I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest ;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
 But Fear upon my lips her seal impress'd.
 While awe-struck thus I stood,
 The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
 The Form celestial, fading on my view,
 Dissolv'd in liquid air, and all the vision flew.

T W O O D E S.

ODE I. TO OBSCURITY.

Daugther of Chaos and old Night,
 Cimmerian muse, all hail !
 That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
 And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil !
 What Poet sings, and strikes the strings ?
 It was the mighty Theban spoke.
 He from the ever-living lyre
 With magic hand elicits fire.
 Heard ye the din of modern Rhimers bray ?
 It was cool M—n : or warm G—y
 Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

The shallow Fop in antic vest,
 Tir'd of the beaten road,
 Proud to be singularly drest,
 Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
 Say, shall not then the heaven-born Muses too
 Variety pursue ?
 Shall not applauding Critics hail the vogue ?
 Whether the Muse the stile of Cambria's sons,
 Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
 Or the broader dialect
 Of Caledonia she affect,
 Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue ?

On this terrestrial ball

The tyrant Fashion governs all.

She, fickle Goddess, whom in days of yore
The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore.

Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd :
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.

From their embraces sprung,

Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, Goddess ever young.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride

Upon a weather-cock, astride.

Each blast that blows, around she goes,

While nodding o'er her crest,

Emblem of her magic power,

The light Cameleon stands confest,

Changing its hues a thousand times an hour.

And in a vest is she array'd,

Of many a dancing moon-beam made,

Nor zoneless is her waist :

But fair and beautiful, I ween,

As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,

Is with the Rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

She

She bids pursue the favourite road
 Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
 Meantime each Bard with eager speed
 Vaults on the Pegasean steed :
 Yet not that Pegasus, of yore,
 Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
 But one of nobler breed.
 High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire.
 From Tottipontimoy he came,
 Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name ?
 The Bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his Sire.
 * His White-nose. He on fam'd Doncastria's plains
 Resign'd his fated breath :
 In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
 Ah ! who can run the race with death ?
 The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,
 Strives all in vain to fly.
 He leads the chace, he wins the race,
 We stumble, fall, and die.

 Third from White-nose springs
 Pegasus with eagle wings :

* The Author is either mistaken in this place, or has else
 indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence.
 White-nose was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin
 Arabian. See my Calendar.

HEBER.

Light

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
 With many a bound he beats the ground,
 While all the Turf with acclamation rings.
 He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
 He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's Son
 Seiz'd on the Steed;
 And thence him led (so fate decreed)
 To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
 With his dark and inky waves
 Either bank in silence laves,
 Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
 In trimmest guise array'd,
 First the neighing steed assay'd?
 His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
 Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
 The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
 Prancing, ambling, round and round,
 By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay:
 'Till fated with the pleasing ride,
 From the lofty Steed dismounting,
 He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,
 By gurgling rill or crystal fountain.

Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,
 His self-complacent countenance displays.

His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dié,
 Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air :
 Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
 O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious
 The grizzle grace [glare.
 Of bushy Peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
 In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
 Would sink each wight of modern date,
 He rides well-pleas'd. So large a pair
 Not Garagantua's self might wear :
 Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
 Who, if we trust to antient Ballad,
 Devour'd three pilgrims in a fallad ;
 Nor He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

Accoutred thus, th' adventurous Youth
 Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
 Fast by whose side clear streams meandring creep ;
 But urges on amain the fiery steed
 Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock un-
 Where the venerable herd [couth,
 Of goats with long and sapient beard,
 And wanton kidlings their blithe revels keep.
 Now up the mountain see him strain !
 Now down the vale he's toft,
 Now flashes on the sight again,
 Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
 With high or low, all, all, is woe,
 Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.

But, o'er every peril bounding,
 Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,
 And, tiptoe on the mountain's steep,
 Reflects not on the yawning deep.

See, see, he soars ! with mighty wings outspread,
 And long resounding mane,
 The courser quits the plain.
 Aloft in air, see, see him bear
 The Bard, who shrouds
 His lyric glory in the clouds,
 Top fond to strike the stars with lofty head !
 He topples headlong from the giddy height,
 Deep in the Cambrian gulph immerg'd in endless
 night.

O steed divine ! what daring spirit
 Rides thee now ? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
 Which elate the mighty Pair,
 Each of Taste the favourite minion,
 Prancing thro' the desert air ;
 By help mechanic of equestrian block
 Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
 And, all unheedful of the Critic mock,
 Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

O D E II.

TO OBLIVION.

Parent of Ease! Oblivion old,
 Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
 Where sceptred Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
 Whose sullen pride the shivering ghosts obey!
 Thou who delightest still to dwell
 By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
 At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
 Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!
 Or if it suit thy better will
 To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,
 Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red
 Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
 While creeping in meanders slow
 Lethe's drowzy waters flow,
 And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
 Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
 A prey no longer let me be
 To that gossip Memory,

* According to Lillæus, who bestows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba Obliviscendi regunt Genitivum.

LIE. XIII. CAP. VIII.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.

With thee, Oblivion, let me go,

For Memory's a friend to Woe;

With thee, Forgetfulness, fair silent Queen,
The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

All, all is thine. Thy powerful sway

The throng'd poetic hosts obey.

Tho' in the van of Memory proud t' appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.

What tho' the modern Tragic strain

For nine whole days protract thy reign,

Yet thro' the Nine, like whelps of currish kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.

Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,

The motley forms of Pantomime:

For thee from Eunuch's throat still loves to flow

The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:

Each day to thee falls Pamphlet clean:

Each month a new-born Magazine:

Hear then, O Goddess! hear thy votary's prayer!

And if thou deign'st to take one moment's care,

Attend thy Bard! who duly pays

The tribute of his votive lays;

Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—

Thy Bard, who calls Thee His, and makes Him

Thine.

O sweet Forgetfulness, supreme
 Rule supreme o'er every theme,
 O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain
 Of mine, O Goddess, stretch thine awful reign!
 Nor let Memory steal one note,
 Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!
 So shalt thou save me from the Poet's shame,
 Tho' on the letter'd Rubric Dodgley post my Name.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,
 Shedding slumbers soft around!
 O come, fat Goddess, drunk with Falstaff's sack! —
 See, where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!
 Me in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless
 With thy calm Forgetfulness!
 And gently lull my senses all the while
 With placid poems in the sinking stile!
 Whether the Herring-Poet sing,
 Great Laureat of the Fishes' King,
 Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
 Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny Hill;
 Or if he sing, whose verse affords
 A bevy of the choicest words,
 Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
 Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
 These, Goddess, let me still forget,
 With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
 So may'st thou gently o'er my youthful breast [vest.
 Spread with thy welcome hand Oblivion's friendly

THE SILENT LOVER.

BY THE CELEBRATED SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

P Affions are liken'd best to floods and streams,
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
 So when affections yield discourse, it seems

The bottom is but shallow, whence they come:
 They who are rich in words, must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,

The merit of true passion,
 With thinking, that he feels no smart
 Who sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve

The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear t' exceed my duty;

For knowing that I sue to serve

A faint of such perfection,
 As all desire, tho' none deserve,
 A place in her affection.

I rather enufe to want relief,
 Than venture the revealing;
 When glory recommends the grief,
 Despair difdains the healing:

Thus strong defires, which boil fo high
 In any mortal lover,
 When Reason cannot bid them die,
 Difcretion then should cover.

Yet, when difcretion doth bereave
 The plaints which I should utter,
 Your wife difcretion should perceive
 My filence is a fuitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, tho' ne'er fo witty;
 A beggar, who is dumb, you know
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, deareft of my heart,
 My love for fecret paffion,
 He fmarteth moft, that hides his fmart,
 And fues for no compaffion.

ON THE GREAT FOG IN LONDON,

DECEMBER MDCCLXII.

BY J. E. W.

Lost and bewilder'd in the thickening mist
 We stray amid th' irrefragable gloom,
 Nor can the penetrating lance of day
 Bleed the thick vein ; behind a fizy cloud
 The rays of light, his orient messengers,
 Are intercepted, nor can steer their course,
 Wreckt on a coast of jet—even beauty's eye,
 Compos'd of azure, here is impotent,
 And, all-subduing, is itself subdued ;
 We jostle each, by vision unappriz'd
 Of meeting, till, like vessels, we run foul,
 And board each other in the fullen waste.
 This mockery of night, like vanity,
 Conceals us from ourselves, our shadows too,
 Lately our dear associates and compeers
 Have, like false lovers, left us in the Fog,
 To seek our own identity in vain.
 Nature herself seems in the vapours now,
 Dim is the prospect—shall we call it so?
 A purblind view, next to invisible?
 Or rather darkness visible to sight.

'Tis

'Tis a black curtain drawn across the sky
 Disgustful, and shuts out the scenes of day.
 Or if a sun-beam glimmer—lo! the trees,
 As we approach 'em, seem like hanging webs
 Spun by the spider—even the great St. Paul,
 With his huge dome and cupola, appears
 A craggy precipice, rude, uninform'd;
 Or, like the ruins of an antient fort
 Upon a hill, when twilight shuts the day.
 The Morning, like a widow, all in weeds,
 Stalks forth incog, unwilling to be known,
 Veil'd and disguis'd behind the mask of Night.

Or, if meridian Phœbus show his face,
 He seems a ball of molten copper-ore
 Like a red beacon on a foggy coast.

Absolute shade maintains despotic sway,
 Palpable darkness, for we see by touch,
 If hearing not apprize us of approach,
 The coach or waggon by its rumbling warns
 To shun the danger, from our ears we see
 The threatening wheels, while often touch informs,
 When unawares we strike against a post,
 Like ships against a bank, or funken rock,
 For sight is useless in so drear a blank.
 The beams of day, refracted in the cloud,
 Like birds in storms, are dubious where to fly,
 And waste their radiance on the tawny air.
 When fable night appears in ebon car,

The

The lamps are feeble like the socket-snuffs
Of tapers just expiring, rush-lights dim
Like dying wicks within a dreary vault.

'Tis general mourning, every colour fades,
Even the fine roseat on the virgin's cheek

Turns to a livid blue, and charms no more.

The soldiers in the Park seem undertakers,

While every coach or carriage, like a hearse

Displays the pageant of a funeral pomp.

Long streets of houses look like black perspectives

Of charcoal prospects, the design of boys;

While by no marks directed oft we miss

Our well-known passage—boats upon the Thames

Appear but as the buoys of distant ships,

Or corks afloat upon the sullen flood.

NON

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE HORSE.

BY THE SAME.

DEath is a common fortune, sure to all,
 The horse, the jocky, and the 'squire must fall!
 Bucephalus himself, some ages since
 Has shar'd that fortune with his warlike prince.
 Immortal Cæsar bow'd beneath the stroke,
 And Death fell'd Milo, as he tore the oak.

Shall Rozinante's memory still survive,
 By drole Cervantes' humour kept alive?
 Shall Hudibras's steed by Butler's pen
 Immortal reign amid the tongues of men?
 And shall not Forrester demand a line
 To lodge his glories with the tuneful Nine?
 He shall not want a verse, if Phœbus' beam
 Inspire the bard, and animate his theme.

What tho' Dan Ovid deathless honours won,
 And drove the flaming coursers of the sun;
 Tho' Rhæsus stole the orient steeds of day,
 When thro' the hostile ranks he made his way,
 Yet not the horses of the sun shall vie,
 Or damp the spirit of our elegy.

Not Pacolet, who journey'd thro' the air
 In old romance, shall brighter glories share,

Nor

Nor he, hight Pegasus, whom poets sung,
 From whose fam'd hoof sweet Hippocrené sprung,
 Fabled, or real, not a horse shall claim
 Than Forrester a more exalted name.

Raise to his shade the monumental bust,
 And sing a requiem to his silent dust.
 His form the mimic pencil set at nought,
 His chest with grace inimitable fraught,
 Braided with lightning flow'd his silver mane,
 He snufft impatient of the shining rein ;
 Without a rider, if he heard the hounds,
 Like thought, o'er every obstacle he bounds !
 Impetuous, see ! his pamper'd sides rejoice
 If he but hear the well-known clarion's voice,
 The battle dreads him—and he seems alone
 A mounted troop—a cavalry in one !
 The whistling balls gave rapture to his ears,
 Elate, the thunder of the train he hears,
 Froth'd is the golden bit—he champs, he rears !
 Swift, in the flood of war he bathes his sides,
 He mocks the danger, and the foe derides !
 Oft at Newmarket was his speed display'd,
 While others ran he fled across the glade,
 The eye in vain pursued him to the post,
 The chasm was fill'd, the space between was lost !
 Beyond conception was his mighty power,
 Whose easy trot was sixteen miles an hour.

But,

But what avail his beauty, speed or size,
 On the cold sod a lifeless lump he lies,
 No more, alas ! to grace his rider's form,
 And dauntless bear him thro' the battle's storm,
 Raise to his shade the monumental bust,
 And sing a parting requiem to his dust.

ANACREON, ODE I. IMITATED.

OF trumpets, drums, guns, and the bold bloody
 battle,
 My high-sounding music most loudly should rattle ;
 But alas ! my poor fiddle, too weak would it prove,
 And can play to no tune, but the soft tunes of love.
 T'other day with new catgut my fiddle I strung,
 Then " Britons strike home " most heroically sung ;
 To squeeze out high notes tho' my fiddlestick strove,
 My fiddle still tweedled and tweedled of love.
 A scraper from beauty no more will I rove,
 But tune up my fiddle to sonnets of love.

VERSES

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. (NOW BISHOP)
WARBURTON, OCCASIONED BY READING HIS
SERMONS.

The lips of the wise disperse knowledge. SOLOMON.

LET Rome, on man God's image to deface,
Still deem stupidity a mark of grace,
On ignorance build what monks devotion name;
Her faith, impiety; her glory, shame:
While priest and people ghostly commerce hold,
And pious frauds exchange for sinful gold,
May Truth's divine invariable ray
Still bless our isle with intellectual day,
Here, still let wisdom at each temple wait,
Trace all our streets, and knock at every gate,
Still keep us sacred, as her last retreat [cheat:
From fools much cheated, and from knaves who
Still teach thy hands to build, a blest employ!
On knowledge virtue, and on virtue joy;
On Reason's base to bid Religion rise,
'Till the tall pile shall end within the skies.

GOD

G O D I S L O V E.

THou! at whose touch the snow-clad mountains smoke,

Eternal wisdom! touch my lips prophane!

O! touch my heart! my heart, tho' cold, shall glow,

My lips breathe eloquence divine! for not

Of earth, in earth-born strains, I mean to sing

Adventurous, but of thee! thy love alone

Thy wisdom knows, thy love my awful theme!

Let me not err, low grovelling in the dust,

Let me not fall, high towering in the sky—

O! where shall I begin? how trace the source

Of all! how fathom vast immensity!

Long as the God has been who ne'er began,

Trac'd back and backward still, but trac'd in vain,

Love has so long existed; God is Love!

Who name him other, know not yet his name;

And if they seek him, lost in error's gloom

Or superstition's labyrinth, find him not.

Whate'er the glimmering lamp of reason show'd

Of God, thro' pagan darkness, all was love;

Whate'er the bright effulgence of thy Son,

Blest revelation! has display'd, all still

Is love! this pendent world, those rolling orbs,

Nature's whole system speaks its Maker kind.

The varied fruits and flowers, the pleasing change
 Of day and night, the painted landscape round
 Of hill and dale, clear fountain, shady wood,
 The glittering dew of morn, the crimson'd cloud
 Of evening mild, the sweetly varied song,
 The peopled earth, and air, and sea, all parts
 Of one stupendous whole, and fram'd for bliss,
 Proclaim him good—Lord of this blest domain,
 Not male alone, but male and female form'd,
 When man receiv'd the breath of life, and took
 The stamp divine, the image of the God,
 What gift was each to each! how lovely both!
 Who can their form describe? or who conceive
 Consummate beauty, test of skill divine?
 Thrice happy pair! — to late degenerate times
 Your morn and evening song had some blest bard
 Transmitted fair, in strains by heaven inspir'd,
 These had the gloomy bigot read abash'd,
 And own'd, that God is Love. But man, alas!
 Fell from the perfect beauty, pure desire,
 Fell to deformity, and age, and death,
 And hate, and envy, violence and guilt.
 He fell; yet unremitted goodness spoke
 To man, apostate as he was, the words
 Of peace; gave misery hope, and show'd above
 A brighter paradise, than Eden's groves,

His portion, when the Woman's promis'd Seed
 Should bruise the serpent's head : amazing grace !
 The promis'd Seed was given ; the fullness then
 Of Godhead dwelt in flesh ! high heaven itself
 No more contains th' astonishment and joy,
 But down its radiant hosts impatient pour
 And Peace proclaim on earth, Good Will to man.
 Oh ! join the transports of th' angelic choir,
 And sing, responding to the hallow'd strain,
 To God be Glory — But, tremendous scene !
 Whom do I see, in yon drear waste, forlorn !
 Whom tempted there ! — who stretch'd on earth
 sweats blood !

What ruffian hand is that ? whom do they drag
 Betray'd, insulted, thro' a scoffing crowd ?
 Whom do they scourge ! whom crown with thorns
 remorseless !

Yet hold, barbarians — snatch me from the sight,
 Ye whirlwinds ! crush me, mountains — dreadful !
 Horrid ! on the cross they strain, they nail
 The lord of life ! they rear it ! hark he prays —
 “ Father forgive, they know not what they do ” —
 Stupendous ! what is language ! what is thought !
 Astonish'd nature trembles ! from the graves [holds
 The dead come forth ! rocks rend ! the sun with-
 The day ! — 'tis past ! the Saviour groans, and
 dies ! —

Oh !

Oh! let me, bending to the dust, dissolve
 In silent admiration! let my soul
 Attest, in unexpressive thought, that God
 Is Love! and dare I, dare a groveling worm
 Rejoice in scenes like these?—O teach me, thou
 My Saviour! teach me to divide aright
 My love, and awe; my joy, and grief; O teach
 My soul the trembling hope, the humble trust,
 To feel in gratitude, that God is Love!

E P I G R A M

ON THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL'S PASSAGE OUT
 OF EGYPT.

WHen Egypt's king God's chosen tribes pur-
 sued,

In crystal walls th' admiring waters flood:
 When thro' the desert wild they took their way,
 The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.
 What limits can Almighty goodness know,
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow.

E L E G Y.

'TIS fate commands — reluctant I depart,
 Adieu, ye scenes, where powerful beauty
 reigns,

Where Delia dwells, the mistress of my heart,
 Delia, the glory of Silurian plains!

From her I part for seven long months at least,
 And bid at once to her and joy farewell :
 Adieu, thou peaceful sunshine of the breast,
 That deign'd, while Delia near, with me to dwell!

Ah me ! what woes in absence lovers prove !
 Some happier youth may boldly speak his care,
 May strive to win my Delia's soul to love,
 And she perchance may lend a listening ear.

Fool that I was, still silent to abide,
 Yet eloquence itself were vain, I fear,
 Since I've no other charms defects to hide,
 Nor aught to boast of, but that I'm sincere.

Oh ! had sincerity suffic'd alone,
 Alone o'er lovely Delia to prevail !
 Boldly ere now my passion I had shown,
 And she with tenderness had heard my tale.

With

With her, perchance, where Wye's clear waters roll,
 Along the flowery mead I might have stray'd ;
 From her perchance some pleasing grace have stole,
 And learn'd perfection from my lovely maid.

Did she in absence know how I'm distress'd,
 In absence know what pangs for her I prove,
 For her how frequent sighs my bleeding breast,
 At least she'd pity, if she cannot love.

While round the board the sparkling bumpers pass,
 And cheerful friends demand a toast from me,
 I to some other nymph fill up the glass,
 But while I drink it, Delia, think on thee.

Come, Daphnis, give a social song, they cry,
 To speed with mirth the evening hours away ;
 In vain I with their wishes would comply,
 To plaintive notes I sing some lovesick lay.

Yet oft I shun those friends, whom most I prize,
 My taste for mirth and conversation gone,
 Even the quaint joke, and wit I now despise,
 And love to wander pensively alone.

When the chaste moon her silver beams displays,
 To hear the distant waters roll along,
 I stray, to hear the cattle wandering graze,
 And give attention to the night-bird's song.

Awhile the stranger sleep my eye-lid flies,
 At length the loiterer to return will deign,
 Silent he steals upon my wearied eyes,
 Then fancy holds her visionary reign.

She paints my Delia overwhelm'd with woes,
 And me she arms to guard my lovely maid,
 Numbers she makes my single arm oppose,
 Then shows her render'd happy by my aid.

Then brings the milder scenes of soft delight,
 My Delia's form before me stands confess'd,
 Bland look her glossy eyes with lustre bright,
 Her dark hair flowing on her snowy breast.

With Delia's sweetness makes she Delia speak,
 "Daphnis! what anxious care thy bosom moves!"
 To her my passion I all fearful break,
 She hears; attends me, and with smiles approves.

Now from the east breaks forth the grey-ey'd morn,
 On night's departing wings the vision flies,
 The bitter woes of absence now return,
 And tears stand trembling in my cheated eyes.

Come then; sweet Hope! in youthful smiles appear,
 Oh! make slow-lingering time more swiftly move,
 Fortune is old, and Age; with looks severe,
 Frowns at the name of lover, and of love.

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SAY, for my theme, what numbers shall I chuse?
 Shall I to Pindar's flights aspire,
 And imitate his heavenly fire?
 Of smother verses write,
 And some soft elegy indite?
 To Pindar's flights aspire, my muse;
 Unfetter'd there, unbounded may'st thou rove;
 There best express thy grief and love;
 There no scant limits know,
 But in free torrents flow,
 Free as thy tears, and boundless as thy woe.

Must then the Grave insatiate reign?
 Must Fate this too tyrannic sway maintain?
 And must the learn'd, the good, the young,
 Be the sad subject of a funeral song?
 Now Death, we find, can never spare,
 Since he hath snatch'd this youth away,
 Since he can thus our bliss annoy,
 And so much harmony destroy;
 For sure all harmony dwelt there.
 In that fair piece of animated clay

Nature had exquisitely form'd each part,
 Resolv'd at last to conquer Art.
 She labour'd every member to refine,
 And made each feature seem divine :
 Yet did her want of strength betray,
 It was too fine to last, and hasten'd to decay.

Nor was his soul ill-suited with his face,
 Each virtue flourish'd there, and every grace ;
 Yet more than all humility took place.

His virtue, and his pleasing air
 Rais'd joy and wonder in the fair :
 These charms he learn'd with music to improve,
 Music the food of love.

When Orpheus to the forests took his way,
 Touch'd his mute lyre, and wak'd the sleeping lay,
 The savages came crouding round,
 And listening oaks admir'd the tuneful sound :

This youth a harder task perform'd,
 Whene'er he play'd each icy breast he warm'd,
 While o'er the strings his flying fingers rove,
 Each heart kept time, and every pulse beat love.

Tho' blest with all these charms, he breathless lies—
 Here draw a veil, my Muse—then see him rise
 An infant star just lighted in the skies.

There

There David and Cecilia meet
 The new-born Saint, with joy they greet
 His coming, and his strains improve,
 Teach his already well-taught lyre
 A note yet higher,
 To sing the mighty source of power and love.
 There does he praises sing
 To heaven's eternal King,
 There tunes to melody his harp so well,
 That angels only can his notes excell.

ON

ON ADMIRAL BYNG'S RETURN FROM

MINORCA, MDCCLVI.

BRitons, what unaton'd offence
 Haunts your unprosperous race?
 See him you sent with honours hence
 Returning with disgrace.
 Methinks upon the vessel's side
 I see your prisoner stand,
 Cursing both winds, and bark, and tide,
 That bear him to the land.
 " This heart, he cries, these horrors show
 " The weakness of my cause;
 " Who fears to meet his country's foe
 " Must tremble at her laws.
 " Then with what face shall I appear
 " Before her judgment-seat?
 " Even now they shout around my bier,
 " That flames in every street.
 " At my approach yon paly shore
 " Would change its white to red,
 " And that high cliff come whelming o'er
 " On this degenerate head.
 " My king (I tremble at the name)
 " Tho' mercy guides his throne,
 " Must punish for his people's shame,
 " But scorns me for my own.

" The eyes, that wept when Maclean died,
 " Smile at my sentence past :
 " Tho' by a matron-jury tried,
 " By their decree I'm cast.
 " Like Abdiel, 'midst corruption found,
 " See mangled Noel stands ;
 " Lo ! Andrews shows his deadly wound,
 " And blood for blood demands.
 " See ! Blakeney, with a scornful frown,
 " Points to the secret port ;
 " There bids me set my succours down,
 " And save the wailing fort.
 " Blakeney, to that important pass
 " Too well I knew to steer,
 " But neither I nor they, alas !
 " Had hearts to venture near.
 " Ha ! do I wake ? or are my eyes
 " By their own fears betray'd ?
 " See yon pale angry spectre rise,
 " My father's awful shade.
 " Shame to my blood ! I shake, I swoon,
 " I die upon the fight :
 " O sink, my bark, sink instant down,
 " And bury me in night !"
 This said, he twice essay'd to leap,
 Twice left the vessel's side ;
 The third time in the frowning deep
 He plung'd, he sunk, he died.

A PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. G.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd, till I've been weary,
 For once I'll try, my wish to gain
 Of Oberon, the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 That liv'st in woods unseen,
 And oft, by Cynthia's silver light,
 Tripst gaily o'er the green ;

If ere thy pitying heart was mov'd
 (As antient stories tell)
 And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wondrous spell,

O! deign once more t' exert thy power ;
 Haply some herb, or tree,
 Sovereign as juice from western flower,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
 No tempting charm to please ;
 Far from the heart such gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease.

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But turning trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree;
 Bliss goes but to a certain bound;
 Beyond is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mind,
 Which dooms me still to smart,
 Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new-string,
 And for my guest, supremely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly,
 With Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tears, which pity taught to flow,
 My eyes shall then disown;
 The heart, that throb'd at others woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close,
 And peaceful days shall still succeed
 To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy elf; but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send,
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread;

And be thy acorn goblets fill'd
 With heaven's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest freshest flowers distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease,
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be;
 Contented, half to please.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY

OVER HER DYING INFANT.

BY MRS. WRIGHT.

Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, sweetest, brightest child!

Transient lustre! beauteous clay!

Smiling wonder of a day!

Ere the last convulsive start

Rend thy unresisting heart;

Ere the long enduring swoon

Weigh thy precious eye-lids down;

Ah! regard a mother's moan,

Anguish deeper than thy own!

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light

Late with rapture blest my sight,

Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,

Bend your trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!

Blooming, withering in an hour!

Ere thy gentle breast sustains

Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,

Hear a suppliant; let me be

Partner in thy destiny!

TO

TO THE MEMORY OF VARO,

A PHYSICIAN, THE AUTHOR'S UNCLE.

BY THE SAME.

HOW can the muse attempt the string,
 Forsaken by her guardian power :
 Ah me ! that she survives to sing,
 Her friend and patron now no more :
 Yet private grief she might suppress,
 Since Clio bears no selfish mind ;
 But oh ! she mourns to wild excess,
 The friend and patron of mankind :

Alas ! the sovereign healing art
 Which rescued thousands from the grave,
 Unaided left the gentlest heart,
 Nor could its skilful master save.
 Who shall the helpless sex sustain,
 Now Varo's lenient hand is gone,
 Which knew so well to soften pain,
 And ward all dangers but his own.

His darling muse, his Clio dear,
 Whom first his favour rais'd to fame,
 His gentle voice vouchsaf'd to cheer ;
 His art upheld her tender frame.

Pale envy durst not show her teeth,
 Above contempt she gaily shone
 Chief favourite! till the hand of death
 Endanger'd both by striking one.

Perceiving well, devoid of fear,
 His latest fatal conflict nigh,
 Reclin'd on her he held most dear,
 Whose breast receiv'd his parting sigh;
 With every art and grace adorn'd,
 By man admir'd, by heaven approv'd,
 Good Varo died—applauded, mourn'd,
 And honour'd by the muse he lov'd!

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER.

BY THE SAME.

IF happy spirits are allow'd to know,
 And hover round what once they lov'd below,
 Maria, gentlest excellence, attend
 'To one who glories to have call'd thee friend!
 Remote in merit, tho' allied in blood,
 Tho' worthless I, and thou divinely good!
 Accept, dear shade, from me these artless lays,
 Who scorn, unjustly, or to blame or praise.
 How thy discreet economy outweigh'd
 'The finest wit in utmost pomp display'd
 Let others sing, while I attempt to paint
 The glowing virtues of the friend and saint.
 With business and devotion never cloy'd,
 No moment of thy time past unemploy'd,
 Well-natur'd mirth, mature discretion join'd,
 Constant attendants on the virtuous mind:
 Ah me! that heaven has from this bosom torn
 The dearest friend, whom I must ever mourn,
 Ere Stella could discharge the smallest part
 Of what she ow'd to such immense desert:
 Or recompense with aught but empty praise,
 The sole companion of her joyless days.

Pleasing thy face and form, tho' heaven confin'd
 To scanty limits thy extensive mind:
 Witness the taintless lustre of thy skin,
 Bright emblem of the brighter soul within!
 That soul, which easy, unaffected, mild,
 Thro' jetty eyes with cheerful sweetness smil'd,
 But, oh could fancy reach, or language speak,
 The living beauties of thy lip and cheek,
 Where nature's pencil, leaving art no room,
 Touch'd to a miracle the vernal bloom!
 To soundest prudence, life's unerring guide,
 To love sincere, religion void of pride,
 To friendship, perfect in a female mind,
 Which I can never hope again to find;
 To mirth, the balm of care, from lightness free,
 To stedfast truth, unwearied industry;
 To every charm and grace compris'd in you,
 Most worthy friend, a long and last adieu!

THE LUCID INTERVAL.

BY THE SAME.

WEAR pleasure, Stella, on thy face,
Nor check the rising joy;
Nor canst thou, since the heart displays
Its transport thro' the eye.

These dearly — welcome hours of rest,
This pleasing truce from care,
Removes the mountain from thy breast,
Thou hast not learnt to bear.

Tho' distant far from what I love,
My blooming hopes are crost;
Yet free as air my thoughts may rove
In silent rapture lost!

Then, Stella, prize thy present ease,
This interval of woe,
Since other moments blest as these,
Thy life may never know.

Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part;
To-morrow, (should'st thou say,)
Tho' pain may rend this tortur'd heart,
Yet laugh, and live to-day!

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

BY THE SAME.

WHile sickness rends this tenement of clay,
 Th'approaching change with rapture I survey;
 O'erjoy'd to reach the goal with eager pace,
 Ere my slow life has measur'd half its race.
 No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
 The hard constraint of seeming much at ease,
 Nor wear an outward smile, a look serene,
 While piercing racks, and tortures lurk within!
 Yet let me not, ungrateful, with regret,
 Record the evil, and the good forget.
 For both I humble adoration pay,
 And bless the power who gives and takes away:
 Long shall my faithful memory retain,
 And oft recall each interval of pain;
 Nay, to high heaven, for greater gifts I bend,
 Health I've enjoy'd, and I had once a friend;
 With pleasing toil I past the joyous day,
 And join'd at night the witty and the gay;
 Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,
 Allow'd the sportive and instructive theme;
 Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found,
 We pois'd the wavering sail with ballast sound:

Wit, mirth and music, sciences and arts,
 Improv'd, and exercis'd our nobler parts ;
 Learning here plac'd her richer stores in view ;
 Or, wing'd with love, the minutes gaily flew ;
 True merit might unequall'd lustre wear,
 For envious base detraction came not there.
 Nay yet sublimer joys our bosoms prov'd,
 Divine benevolence, by heaven below'd :
 Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
 Exulting, blest us with reviving breath : [cheer'd,
 The shivering wretch we cloth'd, the mourner
 And sickness ceas'd to groan when we appear'd !
 Unask'd, our care assists, with tender art,
 Their bodies, nor neglects th' immortal part.
 Sometimes, in shades impierc'd by Cynthia's beam,
 Whose lustre glimmer'd on the dimpled stream ;
 We led the sprightly dance thro' sylvan scenes,
 Or tript like fairies o'er the level greens ;
 To join the dance our blooming partners haste,
 With love for ever pure, for ever chaste :
 In every breast a generous fervour glows,
 Soft bliss, which mutual love alone bestows !
 From fragrant herbage, deck'd with pearly dews,
 And flowerets of a thousand various hues,
 By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
 And round our heads in whispering breezes sigh !
 All nature seem'd to heighten, and improve
 The halcyon hours of innocence and love :

Youth,

Youth, wit, good-nature, candor, sense, combin'd,
 To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;
 In wisdom's lore we every heart engage,
 And triumph to restore the golden age!
 Now close the blissful theme, exhausted muse!
 The latest blissful theme that thou shalt chuse.
 Sate with life, what joys for me remain,
 Save one dear wish to ballance every pain?
 O'erwhelm'd with woes, desperate and fatal all,
 On tardy death, with ceaseless cries I call;
 So the tir'd babe, whose waking hour is o'er,
 Whom glittering baubles can delight no more,
 Reclines its head, with painful toil oppress'd,
 Till borne by friendly arms to welcome rest.

T H E P I C T U R E.

BY THE SAME.

HOW rare the piece, where heaven and nature
join

To frame a creature more than half divine.
Tho' wit and beauty's mingled graces meet,
Virtue and breeding must the work compleat :
Mild unaffected softness let her wear,
Gay without noise, nor stray beyond her sphere.
Tho' rich in science, and in arts refin'd,
Yet truly feminine in form and mind :
But since for safety and defence, we own,
Some male endowments should her virtues crown ;
Let dauntless fortitude and strength of soul
Preserve, enoble, and adorn the whole.

AN

AN EPITAPH ON HERSELF.

BY THE SAME.

DEstin'd, while living, to sustain
 An equal share of grief and pain;
 All various ills of human race
 Within this breast had once a place:
 Without complaint, she learnt to bear
 A living death, a long despair,
 Till, hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
 O'ercharg'd, she sunk beneath its weight;
 And to this peaceful tomb retir'd,
 So much esteem'd, so long desir'd!
 The painful mortal conflict o'er,
 A broken heart can bleed no more.

THE HOURS OF LOVE:

IN FOUR ELEGIES.

NIGHT. THE FIRST ELEGY.

NOW Cynthia shone serene with silver light,
And Silence reign'd sole monarch of the night;
Now scarce a Zephyr fann'd the placid sky,
But all was hush'd — save Philomel and I.

Sweet, tuneful bird, who shun'st the noise of day,
Darkling to chant thy melancholy lay,
If it be love that makes thee loath repose,
Then let me mingle sympathetic woes.

But if thy mate, regardless of thy pain,
Still hears thee sing, and hears thee sing in vain;
How shall my ruder voice e'er hope to move,
Or charm my gentle Delia into love?

Here let me nightly wander in the grove
To court th' idea of my absent love,
With fancy's eye to gaze upon her charms,
And press the lovely phantom to my arms.

Bring

Bring, bring my Delia's image to my mind,
 And for a moment let me think her kind :
 Oh ! 'tis in vain — imagination dies,
 The fancied Delia, like the real, flies.

Oh ! I am sick, oppress'd with tender grief,
 Bring, gentle Love, oh ! bring me soft relief ;
 Quick, on the wings of expectation, fly,
 Oh ! help thy votary, help me, or I die.

The night's far spent, and soon the morn will rise,
 Come, gentle sleep, and seal these weeping eyes ;
 Thou balm of nature sink into my breast,
 Shut every sense — O lull my soul to rest !

In soft repose the gentle Delia's laid,
 Sweet be the slumbers of the sleeping maid,
 Let no rude thought the peaceful charm destroy,
 But let her dream of love, and dream of joy.

Let some bright vision then my form assume,
 With charms delusive and ethereal bloom ;
 Then let the phantom kneel before the fair,
 And tell her how I love, and how despair.

For oh ! I think, could gentle Delia know
 But half my passion, or but half my woe,
 She'd surely pity, tho' she'd not approve,
 And tender pity is a-kin to love.

M O R N I N G.

THE SECOND ELEGY.

Wish'd morn is come—a cheerful ray of light
 Peeps thro' the sable curtains of the night;
 And now I hear the towering lark, on high,
 Chant his glad mattins thro' the vocal sky.

Sleepless I've tofs'd the tedious night away,
 And wish'd, impatient, for the tardy day;
 What now avails the cheerful dawn of light?
 Wrapt in despair, with me 'tis endless night.

All nature seems refresh'd; must only love
 No kind repose, no intermission prove?
 Even painful care is sometimes lull'd to sleep;
 Must love alone eternal vigils keep?

At Delia's window I'll my station take,
 And sing of love, till gentle Delia wake;
 In softest strain her slumbers I'll remove,
 And she shall wake to music and to love.

O! for Tibullus' voice, for Hammond's lyre,
 To kindle rapture, and excite desire!
 Then should she melt at every tender strain,
 And her heart sigh with sympathetic pain.

This is her window—sweetest Delia rise,
O lovely maid, unveil thy radiant eyes;
With one soft smile chase dark despair away,
Arise, my Delia, smile and make it day.

She hears me not—regardless of my pain,
Or, if she hears, she hears with cold disdain:
On this bare earth for ever let me lie,
Here let me languish, here despair and die.

But hark, a noise!—and now the window opes!
'Tis Delia's self—'tis she by all my hopes!
Soft gracious smiles o'er every feature play,
Bright as the radiance of the rising day.

Hail! beauteous nymph, in native charms array'd,
Thou need'st from gaudy drefs no borrow'd aid;
How sweet that loose attire, that careless air,
In artless negligence, divinely fair!

Come, come, my fair, together let us stray,
And taste the fragrance of the early day;
So shall young Health, the rosy child of Morn,
With all his mother's bloom thy cheek adorn.

Look, look abroad, behold 'tis break of day;
See, on yon lawn, the tender lambkins play;
Now every linnet sings in every grove,
And laughing Nature charms the soul to love.

She smiles assent—descend, celestial maid,
Come to my arms, my love, be not afraid.
Thus let me press my kind, consenting fair—
Starting I woke—she vanish'd into air!

Oh! 'twas a flattering dream; too soon I found;
Stretch'd at her door I slept upon the ground,
Where Delia's form my busy fancy drew,
Deck'd her in smiles, then thought the vision true.

Thus let me sleep, oh! thus for ever dream,
Such heart-felt extasies, must more than seem;
Then, like Endymion, blest enraptur'd boy!
I'll lie entranc'd in everlasting joy!

NOON.

N O O N.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

NOW Phœbus vertically shoots his rays
With all the fervor of his noontide blaze;
Now let me seek some solitary grove,
And give a loose to fancy and to love.

In what soft scene is gentle Delia laid?
Which is, at noon, my Delia's favourite shade?
Oft in fair Richmond's interwoven bowers,
Lonely, she loiters out the sultry hours.

Does she to Merlin's * awful cave retire,
To feast her fancy with poetic fire?
Or to the Hermitage, † romantic vault!
Where learned busts adorn the classic grot?

* Merlin's cave in Richmond gardens, where there is a collection of English classics, to which Mr. Pope alludes in this line:

Even Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet.

† The Hermitage is a grotto in the same gardens, in which are placed the busts of several learned men.

Oh! let me find the beauteous maid alone,
And, at her feet, pour out my artless moan;
No longer will I pine, in dumb despair,
Perhaps my Delia is as kind as fair.

Let the soft influence of th' enchanting scene,
The mazy thickets, walks for ever green,
The flowery lawn, the light-excluding grove,
Incline her to the melting voice of love.

But hark, there's music! — 'tis my Delia's voice,
My Delia sings, let all the grove rejoice!
Hush every breeze, let not an aspin move,
Let all be silent, Delia sings of love.

Sweet maid, let me not interrupt thy song,
Let the soft notes still warble on thy tongue;
And yet it is too much, at once, to wound
Our eyes with beauty, and our ears with sound.

Start not, my Delia, here's no danger near,
Thy beauty guards thee — banish every fear;
Even Love himself, the tyrant of my heart,
Awes with respect, and takes fair Beauty's part.

Long have thy charms depriv'd my soul of rest,
Long has th' infection rankled in my breast;
To speak my tender sorrow oft I've tried,
As oft my tongue the tender task denied.

Oh! hear me, gentle Delia, hear me now,
 Incline propitious to my love-sick vow:
 So may thy charms no fading changes prove,
 But bloom for ever, constant as my love.

Tho' unadorn'd with titles or with power,
 Tho' Fortune smil'd not on my natal hour,
 Yet I've a heart that's rich in fond desire,
 And my soul glows with more than vulgar fire.

But, if 'tis wealth alone thy love can draw,
 I'll dig for treasure in the mines of * Law;
 Pierce the dull gloom of Coke's pedantic lore,
 And, from his dross, extract the purest ore.

Wondering shall Delia hear my praises rung,
 What flowing periods trickle from my tongue!
 Inspir'd by thee, and Love's superior aid,
 Like Coke I'll counsel, and like Tully plead.

Unpleasing thus, I'll drudge away my youth,
 Far from the paths of science and of truth;
 Wage endless battles at the noisy bar,
 To deck thee with the spoils of civil war.

* The author is designed for the profession of the bar.

For me—if 'twere not to enrich my fair,
 I'd wish to shun the bustling noise of care,
 Far, in the centre of some peaceful grove,
 Retir'd, to dwell with Delia and with love.

Then should we feast on pure extatic bliss,
 Exchanging souls at every melting kiss,
 Wrapt in delight, my Delia then should prove,
 How poor all grandeur is, compar'd to love,

Ah! do not go—my gentle Delia stay;
 You'll scorch your beauties in the blaze of day;
 The sun now rages in his highest noon—
 And 'tis a pity sure to part so soon.

But if we must—let's take one tender leave.
 Shall we, my fair, meet here again at eve?
 Oh there's celestial music in that yes!
 Thus let me seal the promise of my bliss.

EVEN-

E V E N I N G.

THE FOURTH ELEGY.

HOW mild the evening, how serene the sky !
 With streaky purple ting'd, ethereal dye !
 Calm stillness rules, no Zephyr seems to move,
 And the soft hour invites the soul to love.

The tedious minute now approaches near,
 When Delia promis'd she would meet me here :
 And now, to feast my Delia in this bower,
 I've gather'd every fruit and every flower.

The velvet peach, the plum's unfullied blue,
 Emblem of untouch'd beauty's virgin hue ;
 The pine's rich fruit, less nature's child than art's,
 And cherries—that resemble bleeding hearts.

To form a couch, these roses here I'll strow,
 With these I'll weave a garland for her brow ;
 With Flora's gifts, fantastic, dress her hair,
 Then gaze with wonder on the smiling fair !

Then will I press her little hand in mine,
 While she, with blushing innocence divine,
 And soft reluctance, shall my hand controul,
 I'll pour out all the rapture of my soul.

Grown bold in love, transported with my bliss,
On her ripe lips I'll print a living kiss,
Whose warm impression fondly shall impart,
And send the soft infection to her heart.

Love's fire shall flash around her as I gaze,
And Delia's eye shall kindle in the blaze;
Thro' every vein shall flame the young desire,
Like subtil magic of electric fire.

From soul to soul the mutual blaze thus caught,
With meeting wish, and thought preventing thought,
Together we'll expire in flames of love,
So Semele was once consum'd by Jove.

But hark! she comes—the punctual maid is near;
The silky rustling of her veil I hear.
I'll run to meet her—soft—'twas but a breeze,
That, gently breathing, fann'd the quivering trees.

And yet the time's elaps'd—why this delay?
And now the setting sun has clos'd the day.
I'll climb the lofty summit of this tree,
Haply from thence my Delia I may see.

Oh! 'tis a dreary desert all around!
I strain my eye-balls, yet no Delia's found.
Now were it well, to ease at once my pains,
And, leaping hence, beat out my desperate brains.

I knew she would not come—deceitful maid!
 How soon her smiles my easy faith betray'd!
 Who'd think that Delia falsely thus could do?
 Yet, as a woman, who could think her true?

Who knows but now, most lavish of her charms,
 Loosely she wanton's in some rival's arms,
 While, drunk with luscious love, th' intemperate
 Riots in bliss, and surfeits with the joy. [boy

Distracting thought! 'tis phrenzy, 'tis despair!
 I'll fly this instant to th' abandon'd fair,
 Her and her paramour I'll drag to light,
 And feast censorious matrons with the sight.

Yet stay my heart! whence this tumultuous speed!
 My Delia's wrong'd—she's innocence indeed;
 She's chaste, she's virtuous, as the vestal flame,
 'Tis I am wretch'd—she's a spotless name.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

O Thou, ordain'd at length by pitying fate
 To save from ruin a declining state;
 Adorn'd with all the scientific stores,
 Which bloom'd on Roman or Athenian shores;
 At whose command our passions rise or fall,
 Obedient to the magic of thy call;
 Whose breast (O never let the flame expire!)
 Glows ardent with the Patriot's sacred fire;
 Attend the Bard, who scorns the venal lays,
 Which servile Flattery spurious Greatness pays;
 Whose British spirit, emulating thine,
 Could ne'er burn incense at Corruption's shrine;
 Who far from courts maintains superior state,
 And thinks that to be free is to be great.
 Careless of pride's imperial smile or frown,
 A friend to all mankind, but slave to none.
 Above temptation, and unaw'd by power,
 Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,
 Save that kind heaven would give his warm desire,
 What kings can't grant, nor courtiers oft require,
 From each low view of selfish faction free,
 To think, to speak, to live, O Pitt, like thee.

THE

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLVI.

AS late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
 The Genius of the island flew,
 The venal swarm of foreign hosts
 Inglorious basking in his view,
 Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
 And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear,
 Which blasted France on Cressy's field,
 He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,
 And on his shoulders spread the shield,
 As when, o'er Agincourt's blood-purple'd lands,
 Pale Terror stalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
 Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
 Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
 For sore he felt th' indignity;
 Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,
 Now Horror's damp, now Indignation's flame.

Ah! what avails, he cried, the blood
 Shed by each patriot band of yore,
 When Freedom's unpaid legions stood
 Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
 When antient Wisdom deem'd each British sword
 From hostile power could guard its valiant lord.

What tho' the Danish raven spread
 Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
 The bird of prey funereal fled
 When Alfred call'd his peers around,
 Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
 Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood

Alfred on natives could depend,
 And scorn'd a foreign force t' employ,
 He thought, who dar'd not to defend
 Were never worthy to enjoy ;
 The Realm's and Monarch's interest deem'd but one,
 And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

What tho' weak John's divided reign
 The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
 When Henry's barons join'd again,
 Those feather'd warriors left the shore ;
 Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,
 The Lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect

Reflect on Edward's glorious name ;
 On my fifth Henry's martial deeds ;
 Think on those peers of deathless fame,
 Who met their king on 'Thames's meads,
 When sovereign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
 That heaven created man for liberty.

Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,
 When good Eliza rul'd this state,
 On English hearts she plac'd her throne,
 And in their happiness her fate,
 While blacker than the tempests of the North,
 The Papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
 At great Augusta's regal feet,
 Bearing on each returning tide
 From distant realms a golden fleet,
 Which homeward wafts the fruits of every zone,
 And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
 Of armed slaves a venal crew ?
 Lo! the old God denotes his scorn,
 And shudders at th' unusual view,
 Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
 And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

O! how can vassals born to bear
 The galling weight of Slavery's chain,
 A Patriot's noble ardor share,
 Or Freedom's sacred cause maintain?
 Britons, exert your own unconquer'd might,
 A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

Look back on every deathless deed
 For which your Sires recorded stand;
 To battle, let your nobles lead
 The sons of toil, a hardy band;
 The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
 And war's green wreathes the shepherd's front adorn.

But see! upon his utmost shores
 America's sad Genius lies,
 Each wasted province he deploras,
 And casts on me his languid eyes,
 Bless'd with heaven's favourite ordinance I fly
 To raise th' oppress'd, and humble tyranny.

This said, the Vision westward fled,
 His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
 The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
 And Justice drove his airy car;
 Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
 And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

A DIALOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FRIENDSHIP.

IN vain thy lawless fires contend with mine,
 Tho' crowds unnumber'd fall before thy shrine;
 Let youths, who ne'er aspir'd to noble fame,
 And the soft virgin, kindle at thy flame,
 Thee, son of indolence and vice, I scorn,
 By reason nourish'd, and of virtue born.

LOVE.

Vain is that boasted reason 'gainst my dart,
 I pierce the sage's, as the vulgar heart,
 All ages, sexes, the soft torment share,
 The hoary patriot, and the blooming fair.
 To narrow limits is thy sway confin'd,
 To some few breasts, I triumph o'er mankind.

FRIENDSHIP.

From grovelling sources ever springs thy power,
 Still varying fancy, and frail beauty's flower:

Then with its cause the short-liv'd ardour flies,
 A flash of passion that but gleams and dies.
 Mine on fair virtue rais'd, still lives the same,
 In generous hearts a constant equal flame.

LOVE.

Love is not always that degenerate thing,
 I too from virtue, as from beauty spring.
 Thou, to the same dull circle ever true,
 Know'st but one form all tempers to subdue;
 Wide is my empire, manifold my arts,
 And various are the plumes that wing my darts.
 Here a fair face allures desiring eyes,
 There modesty and sense enslave the wise.

Thus while each power with equal warmth contends,
 The clouds divide, an heavenly form descends,
 Wings o'er his shoulders mantling wav'd, behind
 His snowy garments floated in the wind;
 A wreath of mingled flowers adorn'd his head,
 Immortal flowers by mold ethereal fed,
 Graceful he mov'd in youth and beauty's pride,
 His cheeks Aurora's opening blushes dy'd,
 A flaming torch he bore, approaching now,
 Fair Hymen, guardian of the nuptial vow,
 They knew and paus'd, he first the silence broke,
 Celestial music warbled as he spoke.

Cease,

HYMEN.

Cease, rival powers, with rage unjust to glow,
 Ye both to men the noblest gifts bestow.
 Howe'er by folly or by vice abus'd,
 Blessings are turn'd to curses when misus'd.
 Mine be the praise the gifts of both to blend,
 And to the virtuous lover join the friend.
 Thus shall life glide away in mutual joys,
 Sweets that ne'er tire, and rapture that ne'er cloy.
 So blest an union, Anna may'st thou prove,
 A constant friendship, in a tender love.

A S O N G.

BY M. A.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win,
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid,
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage controul,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair,
But go behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OAK

IN PENSURST PARK.

BY THE LATE MR. F. COVENTRY.

Stranger kneel here! to age due homage pay!
When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
My growth began—the same illustrious morn,
Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born:
Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's swains!
Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
He perish'd early; I just stay behind
An hundred years; and lo! my clefted rind,
My wither'd boughs foretell destruction nigh;
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die.

ODE

A N O D E

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY T. COOPER, M. D.

RECITATIVE.

Daughters of Jove, prime source of sacred song,
 Ye tuneful fair! Mæonian maids!
 Leave awhile the blissful throng,
 Around your favourite Helicon,
 And with your presence grace Britannia's shades.

A I R.

By Tempe's green groves;
 By the Graces and Loves;
 By your numbers divine;
 By the notes ye refine:
 Descend, sweet nymphs; descend, and sing
 The natal-day of Britain's king.

RECITATIVE.

Again the rosy hours appear,
 That strew'd with bliss the happy year;
 That made with joy the vallies ring,
 When Britain gain'd a British king.

That

AIR.

Hence! ye factious herd, away!
 A patriot zeal inspires my breast,
 With grateful voice, to hail the day,
 That bade Britannia's sons be blest:

Bade Britannia's sons be blest;
 When every virtue under heaven,
 That dignifies the human breast,
 To grace our future king was given.

RECITATIVE.

Supreme of all celestial powers!
 Bless our monarch's social hours.

AIR.

With blooming youth, and melting charms,
 May Charlotte bless his faithful arms!
 Every nuptial bliss prepare
 Youth can give, or age can share;
 Faith and truth deserve thy care.

RECITATIVE.

Softly sweet, to Britain's heir,
 Let the ready numbers flow;
 Make him, ye Graces! all your care,
 And your choicest gifts bestow;

That the virtues of the fire
May the growing son inspire.

AIR.

With zeal his infant cradle tend,
Ye powers ! that virtue's cause befriend :
Prolong the life, to Britain dear ;
The sons of Freedom claim your care.

RECITATIVE.

Come, lovely Liberty ! advance
With all thy smiling train ;
Broken lie the sword and lance,
Oppos'd to spoil thy reign.

AIR.

Liberty ! the woods ;
Liberty ! the floods ;
Liberty ! the flowery vallies ring :
Rocks rebound,
Caves resound,
“ Long live the king.”

I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL WOLFE.

S Top to feel the force of truth !
 Here the generous and the brave,
 He who fought, who fell in youth,
 Bids thee like himself behave.

Virtuous love display'd its power,
 Friendship claim'd to part the prize ;
 That prepar'd the nuptial bower,
 This the banquet of the wife.

Where the rage of nature reigns,
 Far in yon Canadian land,
 (Rocks and steeps protect the plains)
 Waiting Glory wav'd her hand :

“ Hither, Hero, aim thine eye ;
 “ Save thy country suffering here !
 “ Blow domestic praises by ;
 “ Be to every Briton dear !”

From the tempting vale he flew,
 Heard his dying foe confess
 In his death the honours due.—
 Britons ! if ye can, do less !

SONG IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine.
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits, like mine, to despair.
 And what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass?

'Tis woman, whose charms every rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart.
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
 Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
 And Poverty listens well-pleas'd from her shed;
 Whilst Age, in half-extasy hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest, and deepest, that stands on the board:
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

W. W.

CLOE'S SOLILOQUY.

IF Love and Reason ne'er agree,
 And Virtue trembles at his power,
 May heaven from Love pronounce me free,
 And guard me thro' each tender hour.

But if the pleasures Love bestows,
 Are such as Reason pleas'd allows,
 Are such as smiling Virtue knows,
 To Love I'll pay my virgin vows.

And such they are—for loose desires
 But ill deserve the tender name;
 They blast, like lightning's transient fires,
 But Love's a pure and constant flame.

Love scorns a sordid selfish bliss,
 And only for its object lives;
 Feels mutual truth endear the kiss,
 And tastes no joys but those it gives.

Love's more than language can reveal,
 Or thought can reach, tho' thought is free,
 'Tis only felt—'tis what I feel—
 And hope, that Damon feels for me.

THE

THE DEVIL-PAINTER. A TALE.

FOR THE PETIT-MAITRES AND BEAUX ESPRITS.

HAppy the favour'd man who knows
 On him what talent heaven bestows!
 Whose life is to that sphere confin'd,
 Which suits his happiest turn of mind!
 The crowd, to endless error born,
 Forake their proper sphere with scorn;
 The critic's, poet's, painter's name
 Assume, and sweat to purchase shame;
 When Nature (for the fault is theirs)
 Meant them for aldermen or mayors.

One dunce I knew, whom no restraint
 Could keep from pencil and from paint.
 Him Hogarth's praise had so bewitch'd,
 That every rival finger itch'd.
 He'd calk and dawb, and stink and smear
 From morn to night, from year to year.
 But still, with some unlucky touch,
 Gave here too little, there too much;
 Each piece he drew a monstrous birth,
 Like nought in air, or seas, or earth.
 Some laugh'd, and some look'd grave—some sneer'd,
 None prais'd—'twas spite—he persever'd.

It

It chanc'd the Graces once he bought;
 'Twas Titian's piece from Venice brought.
 To copy this, but still in vain,
 He tried, gave out, and tried again.
 At length one squallid figure rose,
 With goggle eyes, and crooked nose,
 Distorted limbs, a fatyr's rump,
 A rude, unfinish'd, shapeless lump.
 Awhile his work he eyed, then swore
 He ne'er would copy Titian more.
 "I'll paint, he cried, for fame, not pelf,
 "And draw originals myself."
 Strait to his piece a tail he put,
 Huge curling horns, and cloven foot,
 Stuck asses ears beside the face,
 And to a Devil turn'd his Grace:
 This was indeed a master-stroke,
 The more deform'd, the more it spoke.
 What tho' the few, whose judging eyes
 The monstrous medley-shape despise,
 Affirm'd that now 'twas like no more
 To Satan, than a Grace before;
 To him, that horns, nor hoofs, nor tail
 Belong. No matter—Let them rail.—
 The many, smit with chill amaze,
 Confess the fiend, and trembling praise.
 "How like! 'tis Satan's self, they cry;
 "His cloven foot, his sawcer eye."

Children

Children ran screaming from the sight,
And women shriek'd, and swoon'd with fright.
Our artist now, elate with pride,
Looks big, and moves with stately stride;
Contracts his brow severe and awing,
A first-rate hand—at devil-drawing.

Each coxcomb, thus, in nature's spite,
At wit will nibble, wrong or right.
In vain they copy, and they steal,
Their folly still their jests reveal.
They rhyme—it pleases foe nor friend;
They next to repartee descend.
'Tis dull—no laughter gains them fame;
They fall to pun—'tis just the same.
Then, tir'd with unsuccessful gleanings
Of wit, they try at double meanings;
In which of humour no more trace is,
Than in our Goblin of the Graces;
Yet see them, all their labours past,
Crown'd with the wish'd success at last,
Proud of their power, with hints obscene,
To give fair modesty the spleen,
To make bawds, whores, and coxcombs snigger,
They strut—no train'd-band e'er looks bigger,
While all the good, polite and wise
The pert, dull, graceless apes despise.

FURTHER ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR,

AND MORE PLAUSIBLE.

TO MR. GEMINI, SEE POETICAL CALENDAR FOR
MAY, PAGE CXXIII.

Dear Gem, I'll help you to a hint,
Which never yet appear'd in print,
That most infallibly secures
The favour of these dread Reviewers :
First then get paper, pen and ink,
Ne'er take the needless pains to think,
But dip your quill, and write away,
No matter — poem or essay ;
Fill up your pages plenius, plenius,
Against all judgment, and all genius ;
And soon you'll view, with pleasing look,
Your labour swell'd into a book :
North-British Strahan must be your printer,
He'll get your work dispatch'd by winter ;
And, as he prints Ralph's rough Review,
He'll say the sweetest things of you.
Tho' you, with common sense at strife,
Write dull as Griffiths, or his wife,
This prudent scheme will raise your name,
And fill your purse, and give you fame.

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K

But

But I, whom no such fools can awe,
 Who mind not all they say a straw,
 Rather than with their praise be cram'd,
 Should deem it honour to be damn'd :
 For what so keenly ridicules
 As the puff flummery of fools ?

But if their feeble lash you fear,
 And will not by this compass steer,
 Once more I'll aid you, frank and free,
 With counsel, and without a fee :
 Exert the whole of your ill-nature,
 And invoke the muse of satire ;
 Prove undeniably at once
 Ralph G——s both a knave and dunce :
 If you want facts for your behoof,
 Ascanius may supply one proof—
 Think you that piece too stale and common ?
 See “ memoirs of a pleasurable woman ”—
 Produce miss Fanny Hill—I'll answer,
 She'll die—who ? Dame Griffiths of a

- CANCER.

CON-

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